

# CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPIST.

## DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND RELIGION.

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### POETRY.

The following epitaph on a Geologist, from the *London Courier*, is sufficiently humorous, though it comes from the tombs.

WHERE shall we our great Professor inter,  
That in peace may rest his bones?  
If we hew him a rocky sepulchre,  
He'll rise and break the stones,  
And examine each stratum that lies around,  
For he's quite in his element under ground.  
If with mattock and spade his body we lay  
In the common alluvial soil,  
He'll start up and snatch those tools away,  
Of his own geological toil;  
In a stratum so young the Professor disdains,  
That imbedded should be his organic remains.

Thus exposed to the drip of some case-hard'ning  
His carcass let stalactite cover: [spring,  
And to Oxford the petrified sage let us bring  
When he is encrusted all over:  
Then with mammoths and crocodiles high on a shelf,  
Let him stand as a monument raised to himself.

We make the two next selections from Lord Byron, and consider them fine poetry—full of melody, at least. The first is a song upon the inconstancy of love; the second consists of two beautiful stanzas, addressed to the Genius of Music.

### SONG.

THOU art not false, but thou art fickle  
To those thyself so fondly sought;  
The tears that thou hast forced to trickle  
Are doubly bitter from that thought:  
'Tis this which breaks the heart thou grieve'st,  
Too well thou lov'st—too soon thou leav'st.

The wholly false the heart despises,  
And spurs receiver and deceit;  
But she who not a thought disguises,  
Whose love is as sincere as sweet,—  
When she can change who lov'd so truly,  
It feels what mine has felt so newly.

To dream of joy and wake to sorrow  
Is doom'd to all who love or live;  
And if, when conscious on the morrow,  
We scarce our fancy can forgive,  
That cheated us in slumber only,  
To leave the waking soul more lonely.

What must they feel whom no false vision,  
But truest, tenderest passion warm'd  
Sincere, but swift in sad transition,  
As if a dream alone had charm'd?  
Ah! sure such grief is fancy's scheming,  
And all thy change can be but dreaming!

### STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

THERE be none of Beauty's daughters  
With a magic like thee;  
And like music on the waters  
Is thy sweet voice to me:  
When as if its sound were causing  
The charmed ocean's pausing,  
The waves lie still and gleaming,  
And the lulled winds seem dreaming.  
And the midnight moon is weaving  
Her bright chain o'er the deep;  
Whose breast is gently heaving,  
As an infant's asleep:

So the spirit bows before thee,  
To listen and adore thee;  
With a full but soft emotion,  
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

### EPIGRAM.

I Gave fair Nan a blushing rose,  
And told her, beauty, like a flower,  
It's transitory empire owns  
To youth's short lived, but smiling hour.  
I told her that delays were wrong,  
Oh! name the happy morn, I cried;  
She felt the moral of my song,  
And was, next morn, my rival's bride.

### Christian Philanthropist.

#### RELIGIOUS DEPARTMENT.

##### THE CHARACTER OF JESUS CHRIST.

Whom do men say that I, the son of man, am?

Soon after the promulgation of Christianity, men, inspired with the desire of distinguishing themselves, began to dispute respecting the character of JESUS CHRIST, and the rank that he held in the scale of being. The Jews persecuted CHRIST, while upon earth, in a manner that reflected disgrace, both upon their nation and their worship. As CHRIST was unquestionably wiser than the wisest men of the age, and as he disregarded the authority of tradition, and despised the hypocrisy which constituted the principle element of their religion, the Jews regarded him not only with a sentiment of fear, but also, of hatred. Their malice was the cause of his death. They would not suffer their national character and the opinions of their ancestors, however ridiculous they might be, to be treated with neglect. They expected the Messiah, but they had associated the Prophecies respecting him, with splendid anticipations of his future glory, which did not accord with the humble and unostentatious appearance of the Son of Mary.

But after his miraculous resurrection a change was wrought in the opinion of many, even of the Jewish nation: JESUS CHRIST began to be revered as a god!—as the Messiah who was expected! and as the author of a more perfect dispensation than had before been given to the world! No sacrifice of respect was too submissive—no tribute of gratitude was too great!—no reverence was too obsequious to be felt for him! What a strange and rapid revolution in the sentiments of his bitterest enemies!

The religion of JESUS CHRIST borrowed nothing either from the Levitical institutions or from the ceremonials of Paganism. It was wholly an intellectual religion, and sprang from the heart. The Jews wished to give it an extrinsic splendour, that did not belong to it, but finding that a religion so simple in itself would not justify the attempt, and that it tended only to humble the pride of their hearts, they looked abroad upon inanimate nature, and endeavoured to discover something in the country or the age, that should render it peculiar or local in its accompaniments, even if it added nothing to its dignity.

This effort was not, however, fruitless, for though it was prompted by vanity, it was an ad-

vantage to the Christian Religion, and went to confirm it. Thus the birth-place of our Saviour, the humble stall of a Jewish hotel, in time, challenged a degree of respect, at the same time that it excited a sentiment of humility, and the towns and cities that he visited were entered with sentiments of awe.

When the men of the first age had passed away, what did posterity say of the son of Mary? Time did not lessen the degree of respect which was felt for his virtues, but it seemed to increase with the march of ages. Every generation, as it followed in succession, paid him new honors, thinking that too much could not be done to perpetuate the glory of such a personage. They, in fine, left the real and visible features of his character for a creation of their own fancy, and when they had imaged to themselves a model of perfection, they would fain go farther still, and conceive something above the reach of the imagination, which should emulate the Deity himself. As the prerogatives of royalty presented the highest ideas of greatness that men of the succeeding centuries had conceived, after they had supposed that JESUS CHRIST was a king, they rose still higher in the scale of greatness, and allowed him to give law even to kings upon their thrones, and to rule and govern the rulers of the earth.

The tomb of JESUS CHRIST, carved out of a rock in the heart of the earth, became an object of immense interest to the whole world! When the subjects of Solyma the Magnificent had secured to themselves the holy city and its environs, the nations of the civilized globe stood aghast, imprecating the vengeance of heaven. The Eastern and the Northern nations united their forces, while princes led them on to victory;—the sepulchre of the Saviour of the world was the object of rescue! After a lapse of ten hundred years, what sacred sentiments! what pious respect! what holy reverence were felt for the tomb of Jesus! The soldier of the cross, regardless of difficulties or distance, fought his way to that grave, and the sight of it filled him with ecstasy. A little piece of that rock could, in idea, work miracles, and was held more sacred by princes, than the precious jewels which studded their crowns. The herbs and flowers which grew in the garden of the rich counsellor of Arimathea, were ever afterwards thought to possess a healing quality which could preserve the elixir of life from wasting, and give even to the soul itself a foretaste of immortality!

What do the men of the present age say of JESUS CHRIST, the persecuted son of the wife of Joseph? They, sometimes, say almost every thing that they list, and oftentimes, more than they believe. Men are not yet agreed about this wonderful personage. They still continue to measure out dignity to the Saviour of the world, by weight! For the little alabaster-box of spikenard, exceedingly precious, they now bring loads of perfumes; extravagant and miserably chosen, and for the tears of the pious woman, which fell drop by drop upon the feet of the Redeemer, gushing from the fountain of affection, they now shed down upon his head whole showers of dust that glitters, to stifle and overwhelm him! Men, however, begin to detect the wretched contrivances of the dark ages which exalted JESUS CHRIST at the expense



of truth, and are now ready to lower him down from the dizzy height where their creative imaginations had raised him, to that summit in the scale of being, which places him above the angels. He is, in fact, brought to the standard of reality, such as he is, and such as the universe, when it has learnt to view greatness in its true light, ought to consider him. He is no longer to be looked upon as the creature which fancy has painted, as sitting behind the clouds, shrouding his character in a mystery, and whose office in the skies is hidden from the prying curiosity of mortals, but one who is visible to the eye of faith—who has descended to the embrace of our affection—whom we can love for his benevolence—whom we can admire for his heroism—whom we can pity for his sufferings—whom we can reverence for his greatness—one indeed, whose mind, like the soul of man, sprang from the bosom of the Deity before the worlds were made; but one, before whom God has made us with dignity enough, if we do not deface his image, to rise up and to say, "Revered Brother, Intrepid Deliverer, Heroic Captain of our salvation, we owe thee many thanks for thy bright example, which we have too feebly attempted to copy, and we shall never forget how meek, how humble, how pure in heart, how dispassionate, how beneficent thou wast when upon earth—our Saviour truly—for we are saved by following the precepts which thou taught—our Redeemer—for we are redeemed by engrafting the principles which governed thee upon our own hearts—our Intercessor—for thou art ever ready to carry our sincere petitions to the God who made us. Come, O thou unrivalled being, and let us worship the common Father of our spirits!"

#### COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPIST.

##### COMMON SENSE BIBLE CHRISTIAN, No. 6.

Soon after the formation of our first parents, "the Lord God said, behold the man has become as one of us, to know good and evil," &c. Here, say Trinitarians, is evidence of a plurality of persons; *us* being plural, therefore they infer and conclude, that there are three persons in the Godhead. But why should they not as well infer that there are two, four, five, or any number that can be enumerated. An argument, that will support any other, or many other points as fully as the one intended to be sustained thereby, must be at least, a weak argument.—But if this passage is a shadow of proof of one fault of this doctrine, that is, that there are *three* persons, yet it clearly and expressly disproves the other part of it, that is, that the *three* are *one*; for the expression *one of us* must necessarily imply the existence of more than one separate being, otherwise the passage would have been, "behold the man has become like me, or like us," if *us* can be *one*. To say, one of two, one of three, or one of any greater number does so and so, is consistent; but to say one of me, or one of one, is nonsense and ridiculous. But if we will allow ourselves to use that reason which the God of nature has given us for our benefit and improvement and without the exercise of which we can understand nothing, either in nature, morality, or religion, we shall find no difficulty from the expression "*one of us*." For it is reasonable and natural to believe (and the scriptures confirm it) that the son of God and all the heavenly host are continually in his presence, praising Him; and that He makes them to know, at least, many of his wondrous works of creation and providence; and that He did say to them, as we read, "behold the man (in point of knowledge) has become as one of us," that is, as one of the innumerable com-

pany of Angels and Arch angels, Cherubim and Seraphim, that then surrounded the throne of God, the one only true God!

Another strange, yea, passing strange, proof of the Trinity is drawn from the form of the ark. God commanded Noah to build an ark *three hundred cubits long, and thirty cubits high*; therefore there are *three* persons in the Godhead! But I would ask, is it not more rational to infer, that there are *thirty* persons (the ark being thirty cubits high) or *three hundred*, (that being the length) or *nine thousand*, that being the product by multiplication, of the length and height of the building?—But it is not necessary to dwell on this point. I will only remark, that once in my travels, I saw an ancient meeting-house, in form, eight square. Is it from hence to be inferred that the worshippers in that place were *octagonalists*; that is, did they believe that there are eight persons in the Godhead? And is the form of their church full and conclusive proof of their doctrine or creed?—I am not disposed to treat lightly serious and divine things; but if ancient or modern theologians choose to make themselves ridiculous, it is not my fault. But the wisest man has said "answer a fool according to his folly."

But the most extraordinary inference or conclusion of proof of the Trinity, I have ever seen or heard of, is drawn from a passage in Deut. vi. 4th, which expressly declares the unity of God. "Hear O, Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord." From hence Trinitarians have inferred that there are three persons in the Godhead, because the name of the Almighty is repeated *three times*. When the one only living and true God is clearly proclaimed, they reject the word of God, and set up a Trinity, which is no where mentioned in the bible! What strange and twisting understandings must men have to be able to form such conclusions. Suppose some true and zealous American should exclaim, "Hear O, Inhabitants of the United States of America, the President, our chief magistrate, is *our only* President," would any person of common sense, from hence infer, that there are *three* persons (or men) in the presidency, and that those *three* are *one*? Or suppose a good royal subject of George the IV. in his zeal for his king should exclaim, "Hear O, England, the King our sovereign is one, (or our only) King;" could the most ignorant Englishman possibly imagine that there are *three* Georges the IV. on the throne of England, and that those *three* are all blended in *one*?—But, for argument sake, let it be granted, that the repetition of the name of Deity is evidence of as many persons in the Godhead as there are repetitions. Now, in the 15th verse of the 3d chap. of Exodus, and in several other places, there are five repetitions of this sacred Name, "the Lord God of your fathers, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, the God of Jacob hath sent me, this is my name;" therefore there are five persons in the Godhead. Again, in the 6th verse of the same chap. and in other passages there are four repetitions, "I am the God of thy father, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob;" therefore there are *four* persons in the Godhead. Then in the verse mentioned in Deut. and in many other passages, the same great Name is repeated three times; therefore there are three persons in the Godhead. But again, in Genesis ii. 4th, and in a very great number of other places, the same Name is but twice repeated; therefore there are but *two* persons in the Godhead. Once more, in twenty-five of the verses of the first Chapter of Genesis, and in many thousand other passages in the old and new testament, this adorable Name is used without any repetition; therefore there is but one person in the Godhead, one God, one Supreme Being or person, uncreated and eternal.

Again, if the number of persons in the Godhead is to be proved by inferences and conjectures, drawn from figurative passages of scripture, let us see how many persons there may be supposed or imagined to be, from the record of the visions of the prophet Ezekiel, to whom "the word of the Lord came expressly, in the land of the Chaldeans, by the river Chebor," and who says, that, he looked and behold, there came the likeness of four living creatures out of the midst of a whirlwind, a great cloud and a fire. And this was their appearance; every one had the likeness of a man; and every one had four faces, and every one had four wings."—Now, "God said let us make man after our likeness," and it is no where said in the bible that any other creature was made after the same likeness; and the Almighty is often in scripture represented as appearing from the whirlwind, the thick cloud and the fire; it must therefore be inferred, that this *likeness* that appeared to Ezekiel was the likeness of God, (for it would not have been any human likeness that appeared to inspire the holy Prophet) and as the likeness was of four living creatures or persons, it must be inferred that there are four (at least) persons in the Godhead.

Again, upon trinitarian ground and argument, let us see how many persons in the Godhead can be proved from the revelation of John. Rev. iv. 5th, John says he saw "Seven lamps of fire burning before the throne, which are the seven Spirits of God;" therefore if the Father is a person, the Son a person, and the Spirit of God (or the Holy Ghost which is agreed to be the same, the same Greek word being always used for Spirit that is for ghost) is a person in the Godhead, then we have mathematical demonstration that there are nine persons in the Godhead; for the Father being a person, is *one*, and the Son a person, is *two*, and the seven spirits of God (the spirit also being a person) all make *nine persons* in the Godhead.

##### FREQUENCY OF RELIGIOUS MEETINGS.

MR. EDITOR—I beg you will insert the following short extract from one of Dr. Bancroft's valuable Discourses, lately published. The remarks are very just, and extremely applicable to the state of religious society in some parts of our country.

By the multiplication of religious meetings during the week, men have suffered in their spiritual as well as in their secular interests. Although the motives of those, who commence a course of attendance upon conferences, and other religious services of human device, may be pure, and particular instances of reformation may thereby be produced; yet their general consequences have been injurious to the true interests of christianity. Among their moral evil effects the following may be recorded: These meetings have been multiplied to an unreasonable extent, and holden at unseasonable hours. They have excited in their attendants itching ears, and induced people to heap up to themselves teachers. They have been frequently converted into mere instruments to make proselytes to a party. Some persons have been led to suppose that the exercises of these assemblies are not simply, in their best state, the means, or the expressions of piety, but religion in its essence; they have therefore estimated their attainments in religion by the frequency with which they have joined in those exercises. Under impressions of this nature, they have been induced to deem those who disapprove of their meetings as the opposers of religion, as the opposers of God; and have cherished in themselves a presumptuous confidence in their own views of Christian truth, and a vain assurance of their own safety, and indulged towards those who differ from them a censorious and condemning spirit.

In many places, the multiplication of religious



meetings during the week has been promotive of a high degree of enthusiasm. Religion, in such cases, has degenerated into mere passion. The understanding of a man has thereby been darkened, and he, in the highest concerns of religion, subjected to all the fluctuations of animal feelings. This hour, in imagination, he is elevated to the very mount of communion with heaven; the next, he is depressed to the very depths of despair. At one time he is loud in his pious ejaculations; and at another, he is noisy in the expression of a widely different affection. This man, during the period of excitement, is disturbed in the essential pursuits of his existence, and it not unfrequently happens, that with this period, his religious principles pass away; and he not only forgets his zealous professions, but also appears to have lost his sense of religious obligation.

### Christian Philanthropist.

NEW-BEDFORD, MARCH 25, 1823.

#### LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

##### THE PIONEERS.

We shall not compare this work either with *Precaution* or *The Spy*, by the same author. We shall consider it as standing by itself, and as having an original character, which, perhaps, might suffer from comparison. We shall speak without prejudice, for it has not been our lot yet to fall in with any criticism of the work, that has formed or biased our opinion of it.

First, then, of the place where the scene is laid. It is a mountainous spot of country in the interior part of the state of New-York, and represents a small settlement which is styled, in the language of the day, a *clearing*. The settlement corresponds with the early part of our history. But the range of observation is much too narrow for an American novel; it is limited entirely to the little metropolis of the county, and embraces very few of the fine views of which we are so justly proud. There is not room enough for a poetical imagination to play in. The mind gazes about for something to gratify it; but after it has seen a few half-finished, mis-shapen buildings, with some miserable attempts at architecture—after it has travelled up the hills which overtop the village, and rowed across the fish-pond which bounds the domains of *Leatherstocking*—and buried itself half an hour in the neighbouring forests, covered with maples and brush-wood, it can go no farther. You find yourself shut up from all that you most desire to see. You hear of the Delaware, but you long to be wafted along its current. You would fain stand upon our lofty mountains, enjoying the grandeur of nature, who has here done her utmost to astonish us—you would fain riot in the ambitious sight of our magnificent rivers, and the beautiful variety of our natural scenery which swells the bosoms of our patriots with ecstacy, but your desire is not gratified. We cannot, indeed, conjecture what induced the writer to denominate his work a *descriptive tale*. It certainly has very little claim to such an appellation.

The writer, however, has made a great deal out of his little territory, and has given it all the variety and grandeur of which it is capable. It is, certainly, a more difficult task to embellish nature in a valley, with extrinsic beauty, than to present it to the mind on a large scale, in all its native attractions. But a man of genius can turn an acre of ground into a paradise, and people it with gods and goddesses, to give importance and interest to the scene.

Secondly, of the characters. There are characters enough, but we perceive that too much

respect is paid to foreigners, and that too little regard is manifested to our national glory. American novelists ought to be cautious, and to develop, as much as possible, the American genius. We fear that this one has done something to countenance an ungenerous and unjust remark recently made by a British writer, that America is a collection of men from the whole world, and that it has little or nothing peculiar to itself. His characters are Dutch, French, American and English, and the native savages of the forest; but it must be confessed that the American character loses very little by the contrast, as the foreign actors are assigned rather inferior parts in the drama.—*Dr. Todd* is admirably drawn, and approaches to the life. His boyhood, early habits, promising genius, marriage, dress, and gradual initiation into the mysteries of the medicine room are extremely well done. His consummate skill in setting a fractured bone, or in extracting a bullet, combined with his profound acquaintance with medical tactics, and an ostentatious display of language, reveal the quack in all his ramifications, and open a fine passage of the ludicrous. The inmates of the multifarious mansion-house, each deserve special notice. There are many fine traits of character in *Marmaduke*, but his humanity is greater than his independence, and the apparent economy of his domestic administration did not promise so much generosity as was exhibited in the sequel of his history. There is something improbable in his connexion with *Edwards*, for it will be remembered, that he recognized the features of this person in his first interview with him; but, afterwards, they were forgotten, or seemed to make no impression on his mind, which challenges not only our wonder, but our incredulity likewise. There is much native dignity in this portrait, but we are inclined to believe that the son of Major Effingham, the rightful lord of the soil, would have made a more imposing character, and would probably have approached nearer to our ideas of a military chieftain in the old wars. *Richard* is a very spirited, chivalric character, and produces more real humour than *Benjamin Pump*, though he is less obstinately good-natured. *Benjamin* has too much of the sailor, and not quite enough wit for a clown of the dramatic order. *Mistress Remarkable Pettibone* may be passed over for an ugly scold, who is rather too jealous of her rights. Her conversation with *Benjamin*, on Christmas eve, is sufficient proof of this, as well as of the invincible chastity of her mind. What shall we say of *Elizabeth*? That she is a well drawn heroine, and, certainly not painted beyond nature. She is, in reality, such a girl as we most admire—not a languishing beauty without interest, but lofty, courageous and intrepid in the elements of her genius—a warm heart—an eye of fire—a countenance beaming with intelligence and love—an elegant shape—a princely, stately air. Yet *Elizabeth* falls far below *Flora Mc Ivor*, the heroine of *Waverley*, and the princess of the Highlands of Scotland. In her descent she may approach nearer to human life. Critics must judge.

*Oliver Edwards* does not appear enough in this novel. We insist upon it, the hero of such a tale should be the most prominent personage in it, throughout. But the hero is rarely to be seen. His time is divided between the hut of a savage and the counting-room of *Marmaduke*. His first introduction to us reflects no credit whatever upon his character. It bears the evident features of suspicion, discoloured by sentiments of revenge. Time, however, as his history is gradually unfolded, effaces the remembrance of it. He is found to possess at last, qualities of a high order, and the contrast which they form to his appearance, constitutes an agreeable mystery, which heightens

the interest of the work. We think that love is too slowly developed in this tale, and that *Edwards* should have demonstrated the sentiments which he entertained for *Elizabeth* at an earlier day.

Monsieur *Le Quoi*, the Frenchman, if he were not a Frenchman, to speak with some exaggeration, might be considered the most wonderful example of gallantry in the annals of the eighteenth century. He seemed to bring Paris over into a wilderness of savages. *Major Hartmann*, the Dutchman, makes our very teeth chatter when we attempt to follow him. He had a warm heart, but was over-fond of the Madeira. *Mr. Grant's* sermon far surpassed his conversation, which at the grave of the Indian chief, was plainly tinged with superstition. His soul, at times, seemed to be shrouded in a veil that was snatched from the dark ages. *Louisa* was of too retiring a turn to make much of a figure. Her piety, melancholy and misfortunes, excite considerable interest, but we look upon her rather as a fragile flower.

We shall make further remarks on the *Pioneers* in our next number.

#### COMMUNICATION.

MR. EDITOR—The following affecting tale may be interesting to the younger part of your readers—I think it is a strong proof of the doctrine of a *natural affection*, which was disputed by Dr. Franklin.

It was one of those unpleasant evenings, when Winter, with all his gloomy followers, visits the earth, and, for a time, seems to estrange the heart of man from the love of nature, that young Sidney quitted the house of a friend; and, through an unfrequented valley, sought his own habitation. The pouring rain and pelting hail beat hard on his shoulders; whilst the boisterous wings of Boreas directed the elementary storm with redoubled rage against the solitary traveller. He had buttoned his great coat around his body; and, with a cheerful mind, occasioned by a good conscience, proceeded on his journey, while his thoughts turned on the recollection of his situation in life. He considered himself as an orphan; having, like another *Telemachus*, never remembered his father, or even his mother. His virtues, good character and industry, had gained him an amiable consort; and, with her, a considerable fortune: he wanted, now, but to know the fate of his parents, for the completion of his bliss, and to render him one of the happiest men in existence. As he was thus absorbed in thought, a cry of—“Remember the distressed!” assailed his ear. His heart, ever open to the piteous cries of the wretched, immediately prompted his eye to survey the object that claimed relief. It was an old man, whose age seemed to border on the verge of sixty, and whose body was greatly emaciated, thinly clothed, and open, in many parts, to the inclemencies of the weather. Misfortune and penury seemed to have bent his frame, more than the hand of time had disfigured his countenance, which yet bore the marks of ancient affluence, chilled by the icy grasp of poverty. His eyes were hollow, his beard was long, his countenance dejected, and his whole form truly affecting.

The heart of Sidney was ever susceptible of humanity, and his hand had never denied the charitable pittance; but he found now a greater propensity than ever to relieve the decrepid mendicant. “Who knows,” said he, as he crossed the road towards him, “but my father may be reduced to the same ebb of extreme misery?” Then coming up to the beggar—“Here friend,” said he, presenting to him all his silver, “take this, and may Heaven send you more in abundance!”—“Thank you, young man,” replied the poor old mendicant; “and may Heaven’s Almighty Ruler



prosper and preserve you! I once had a son," continued he, weeping: "but, alas!—" He could say no more. His heart was too full; the tears poured down his venerable face; nature throbbed with the shock; his breast heaved with the force of his feelings; and he could only, by a bow, thank the kindness of the generous youth. "My wife," said he, recovering a little, and pointing to a cluster of oaks, "is yonder! We have lately been delivered from the jaws of an Algerine dungeon, and have not a friend in the world!" The feelings of Sidney were now more and more awakened. The tears of pity, starting from his eyes, gently rolled down his cheeks, and the firmness of the man was insensibly overpowered by the weakness of nature. "May I see your consort?" said he, in a voice stifled with sighs. The beggar could not reply; he looked wistfully, and, taking hold of his arm in one hand, with the other pointed to the spot, where he instantly conducted him.

If the scene was before affecting, it was doubly so now. A venerable matron was sitting on the ground, in vain attempting, with a ragged cloak, to screen her from the storm. Tears poured from her eyes in abundance; while every feature, every limb, trembled with the excessive cold.

"Here, Maria!" said the husband, presenting Sidney to her, "is a young man who infinitely claims your most respectful thanks; he has relieved our want the very moment I requested it. Forgive me," continued he, turning to Sidney, "if I did not give those unbounded thanks your generosity deserves. It was the first time that ever I asked such a boon, and my feelings at your behaviour were too great to be expressed." The woman also arose; and, in a like gentle manner, thanked him for his kindness. The man, not leaving our hero time to reply, began, as follows, to relate the incidents which had reduced them to beggary—"My life," said he, "has been a continual series of melancholy events. My mother died when I was an infant, and left me to the care of an inhuman father, whose riches exceeded his generosity, liberality, and affection for his children. As I was the only son that arrived to manhood, every branch of learning was exhausted to enable my mind to despise my inferiors, and make me believe my fortune put me above the rest of mankind. Foolish man! Literature only served to polish my mind with virtue; and philosophy taught me that the ploughman was equal—morally considered—to the proudest peer. In short, I had so fortified myself with virtue, that I had not long left the university, and had been admitted a partner in my father's business, when I placed my affection on a neighbouring farmer's daughter.—She had been initiated into as good morality as myself; and, though the walls of an university had never enclosed her, was very intelligent, and strictly virtuous. Her heart, like mine, was soon susceptible of love; and, knowing the temper of my brutal father, I secretly married her, and for a long time visited her privately. An amiable boy at length crowned our sincere loves. The news soon reached the ears of my father: I was banished his presence: my fortune, at least what was to have been mine, settled on his nephew; and my wife ordered to leave me for ever. Confounded at my father's brutality, not daring to see any of my friends or acquaintances, the very kingdom became hateful, and I avowed my intentions of quitting it immediately. My wife, 'sad soother of my cares!' in vain attempted to assuage my grief; and, at length, finding it ineffectual, left her child to her father's care, and sought with me some asylum in a foreign country. But, alas! we had scarcely left England, when we were captured by an Algerine corsair, confined in a deadly dungeon, till the generosity of a British gentleman

relieved us, and sent us home. But, Oh! cried he, the worst is yet to come. Scarcely had we landed, and inquired for our son, when we found that his protector was dead, and Frederick, my pretty Frederick, an out-cast orphan—"I know where!" cried Sidney, throwing his arms around his neck. "Cease, O my father, the mournful tale! Behold, my parents, behold your son, your Frederick Sidney!" He would have said more, but his excessive joy stopped his utterance; the tears poured down his face, and mingled with those of his parents. In vain do I attempt to sketch the scene; in vain would my feeble powers paint the picture: let those who possess humanity think what they must feel, on beholding a son, a father, and a mother, after thirty years of tedious absence, meet again!—Suffice it for me to say, that happiness, content, and plenty, crowned the remaining days of the venerable pair, and blessed the youthful, the filial Sidney.

#### ANECDOTES.

##### AMANUENSES.

The Earl of Peterborough could dictate letters to nine amanuenses together, as, says Pope, I was assured by a gentleman who saw him do it when ambassador at Turin. He walked round the room and told each in his turn what he was to write. One was, perhaps, a letter to the emperor; another to an old friend; a third to a mistress; a fourth to a statesman; and so on; and yet he carried on so many and so different connexions in his head, all at the same time.

A voluminous author was one day expatiating to Goldsmith on the advantages of employing an amanuensis, and thus saving the trouble of writing. "How do you manage it?" said the doctor. "Why," replied the other, "I walk about the room and dictate to a clever man, who puts down very correctly all that I say, so that I have nothing more to do than just look over the manuscript and then hand it to the press." Goldsmith was delighted with the information, and desired his friend to send the amanuensis to him the next morning. The scribe accordingly waited upon the doctor, placed himself at the table with the paper before him, and his pen ready to catch the oracle. Goldsmith paced round and round the room with great solemnity for some time; but after racking his brain to no effect, he put his hand into his pocket, took out a guinea, and giving it to the amanuensis, said "It won't do, my friend, I find that my head and my hand must go together."

*A conscientious Lawyer.*—Edward Biddle, of Reading, Penn. was a lawyer of eminence, and a decided friend to the liberties of his country.—Sometime previous to the Revolutionary War, he was especially engaged to defend a cause in the lower counties, now state of Delaware, and had received his retaining fee, twenty half-joes, an extravagant sum in those days. After attending some time to the evidence and arguments on the opposite side, he was so fully convinced of the unprincipled conduct of his client, that he left the court, and returned the fee; telling him that he must find another advocate, as he could not for any consideration consent to be an instrument of injustice.

*From an English paper.*

The P— of W—, one evening at the Pavillion, seeing some wax fall from a chandelier on the bosom of lady H— C—, immediately took out his watch, and clapt one of the seals upon it. "Eless me, sir," said she, "what are you doing?" "Only trying to make an impression upon you—madam," was the reply.

When Lord Erskine made his *debut* at the bar, his agitation almost overcame him, and he was just going to sit down: "At that moment," said he, "I thought I felt my little children tugging at my gown, and the idea roused me to an exertion of which I did not think myself capable.

Charles II. hearing a high character of a preacher in the country, attended one of his sermons. Expressing his dissatisfaction, one of the courtiers replied, that the preacher was applauded to the skies by his congregation. "Aye," observed the king, "I suppose his nonsense suits their nonsense."—*Walpoliana.*

A Frenchman being in company at a tea-drinking party did not observe that it was customary to put the spoon into the cup when any body had drank enough; and the mistress of the house imagining he was fond of tea, by the omission, sent him cup after cup, till he had drank above a dozen dishes of tea, with which he, with the politeness so peculiar to his countrymen, could not refuse. At length, however, seeing the servant approach with more, he rose and exclaimed, "*Helas, Madam, j'ai bu quatorze, et je n'en puis plus.*"

*From the New-York National Advocate.*

*A singular Circumstance.*—A person in this city, who had a pretty wife, was indicted for stealing, and at the last sessions was tried for the offence. His wife was in court apparently in great distress, endeavoring by every effort in her power to excite the commiseration of the jury; the man however was convicted, and after receiving sentence, was conveyed to Bridewell. He found means to trip up the heels of both marshals who were guarding him, and ran away. His affection and duty instinctively led him to his home, and on entering his lady's bed chamber, was horror-struck at seeing one of the identical jurymen who had tried and convicted him, in close and confidential conversation with his wife.

#### MARRIED.

In Nantucket, Mr. SETH CLARK to Miss NANCY FITCH.

In Providence, Mr. John Newman to Miss Mary Jones—In Smithfield, Mr. Martin Kempton to Miss Olive Hoxey.

#### DIED.

In Rochester, 8th inst. Mr. DAVID MENDALL, aged 59. In Freetown, 17th inst. Mr. SAMUEL COTTELL, 38. In North Bridgewater, 8th inst. Mr. John Wales, aged 61.

In Seekonk, Mrs. MARTHA WHITAKER, aged 78, relict of the late Mr. Richard Whitaker.

In Nantucket, Mrs. RUTH BARNARD, aged 83, widow of Mr. Shubael Barnard—Mrs. SUSAN COLEMAN, aged 52, widow of Mr. Henry Coleman.

In Newport, Mr. William B. Oman, aged 31—Mr. Jedediah Irish, aged 47—Mrs. Hannah Easton, aged 78, widow of Nicholas Easton, Esq.—Mr. Joseph Quimby, seaman, of Portland, aged 25.

In Cincinnati, Ohio, HEPSEY FOLGER, aged 68, formerly of Nantucket.

In Gloucestershire, Eng. January 26, Dr. JENNER, the illustrious discoverer of vaccination, aged 74.

#### RECENTLY RECEIVED.

And for sale by ANDREW GERRISH, jun. Main-street.

A VINDICATION of Public Justice and of Private Character, against the attacks of a "Council of Ministers" of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

"Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the Spirits whether they are of God; because many false prophets are gone out into the world."

"Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee."

This is an ably written work, and deserves the attention of the public. March 18.